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Office Night Jan 1 1871.

My dear Mrs. Levy — When I tell you how I was touched & delighted on receiving your Christmas card, you may well smile, & ask, how it was that my delight made no sign? It has happened ~~through~~ so not through wilful neglect, but through sheer misadventure. I ~~often~~ thought that the most fitting way to acknowledge your kindness would be, not to trouble you with any letter, but promptly to retaliate in kind, & to send you a New Years card — just with that one sentence on the enclosure that might rudely indicate what I felt. Accordingly I took steps to get the card; & if I could tell you the almost ludicrous combination of circumstances, some of them rather painful — which baulked my purpose, & made me, when I thought that I had secured my object, find

myself at the wonted hour of post,
on Saturday evening, without any card
at all ~~that~~ — you would smile again,
but ~~would~~ in a different sense. Then
came the question should I get the
card tomorrow? ~~too late — too~~ to
let it lag miserably after the occasion
At last I resolved ~~to trouble you~~
~~with a~~ even to trouble you with a
letter, just to let you know, that
whatever my trifling may have been
~~it was not through I was dead to~~
~~feeling~~ and I have been guilty
~~of other shortcomings~~ — This is
not by any means alone in my default
lately
~~has appeared~~ — I was quite so not dead. ~~to feeling~~
That you should have me so kindly
in thought filled me, from it as no other expression with a sudden
feeling of fond gratitude. It was a new proof
home of the blessed ful influence which
is exercised on all around by such
purchased goodness as yours.
~~Believe me my dear~~